In the Fowler's Snare

By M. B. MANWELL

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Yes," Gervis spoke, with a certain amount of stiffness. He had undoubtedly sought his young wife and won her for her wealth; but, apart from that fact, he was determined to make her a loyal and devoted husband. Already it hurt him that money and the sacred name of wife should be roughly bracketed together.

"And did you know my wife, then, as Miss Fairweather?" Gervis asked, after a silence, while the two stood and surveyed the limitless expanse of white waste around them, with its boundaries of forest-covered, bear-infested hills.

"No; I never saw her until last night in the car. She is very young, and seems to be a high-strung nature. Is that so?" Paul waited for an answer.

"I think she is." Gervis slightly hesitated. In truth, though he would not have confessed it, Gladdy's nature was as yet an unknown country to him.

"Very imaginative, and given to alternate fits of depression and gaiety?" Paul went on. Then he hastily added: "I ask your pardon. You see, it is part of my trade to analyze human character. I am always doing it—sometimes unconsciously. I dare say you think me an ill-conditioned Goth, and I hardly venture to request an introduction to Mrs. Templeton."

Paul Ansdell turned his face toward Gervis, and there was a new expression in it. The old sneer had died out, or had been smoothed carefully away. His dark, deep eyes looked straight into the Englishman's face, and there was a certain wistfulness in them.

"I have made up my mind already about you—we all have," quickly said honest Gervis, holding out his hand in all simplicity to the other. "We owe our lives to you, and each one of us would esteem it an honor to call you friend."

There was a hearty British ring in the words that spoke for their genuineness.

"You are very good," quietly observed the scientist. But the sneer had come into his eyes once more, and he turned the conversation abruptly to the situation in which the trainful of human beings found themselves.

"If you had not been in such a hurry to get back to England I could have shown you some pretty sport yonder." He pointed to the rocky fastnesses in the distance. The falling snow had stopped, and overhead was a brilliant blue. A stiff wind had got up, howling and swirling the snow into deep drifts.

"Bears, I suppose?" said Gervis. "Just what I should have liked if—well, under other circumstances. I dare say you could tell one some yarns about the grizzlies yonder?"

Paul Ansdell nodded briefly, and the two men turned to retrace their steps to the little prairie station.

"Do you live in Montreal, then? Is it your home?"

"I have no home," was the brief rejoinder. "I suppose I am what you call a cosmopolitan—one who makes a nest in every one of the world's great cities. But here we are back at the prairie station. The weather's clearing, so I suppose our people will start on their way."

In the station and round the cars there was a stir of excitement, and people were getting aboard the train.

"There is my wife! She is standing at the window of the car!"

Gervis caught sight of a little figure in a pale green and gold brocade teagown, trimmed with yellow lace.

It was Gladdy, and her small pink and white face, with its pointed chin, was now bent toward them as she gazed downward at the two men.

She was waving a little white hand in welcome to her husband; but when she caught sight of his companion her face blanched, and she shrank back from the window, at which Paul Ansdell frowned at once. Two minutes later, however, he was bowing before her as Gervis introduced him.

"We had a jolly good tramp, Gladdy, Mr. Ansdell and I, over the hard snow. It has made me as hungry as possible. And, if it had not been for your small ladyship, I shouldn't have come back. I'd have gone after the grizzlies in the mountain, yonder; but I warn you that next year I shall come back to pot a bear or two, and leave you at Temple-Dene." Gervis laid a kindly hand on the slight little shoulder.

Gladdy looked up timidly, and, to her surprise, Mr. Ansdell had taken out a pocketbook crammed with snapshots, which he proceeded to show and explain to Gervis, taking no further notice of her.

If the stranger wished to restore the young bride's confidence, he could not have devised a better mode of doing so.

Before the end of the day Gladdy was herself again, gay and lighthearted. She and her husband and Paul Andsell were the merriest, friendliest trio on board the cars speeding through the snow over the vast Canadian Pacific railway.

And despite all their forebodings of evil, the train made a safe and speedy trip to its destination.

CHAPTER VI.

Nothing builds up a friendship between man and man like being thrown together in untoward circumstances.

Before their journey ended at Montreal, Paul Andsell had become almost intimate with the Templetons.

Gladdy's strange shrinking and terror of the scientist had entirely worn off, simply because he had ceased to bestow the faintest attention to her dainty person. His eyes never by any chance rested upon her.

"I might be a cow or wax doll for all the notice your fine philosopher gives to me!" the girl-bride said.

"Oh, well, you can't expect to have dry-as-dust scientific fellows in your train, my dear," said Gervis mildly. "You must be content with ordinary men, such as your humble servant, for slaves. I don't suppose Andsell, poor old chap, knows a pretty face from a plain one."

"I'm not so sure about that," skeptically said the bride. "Why, I should not be surprised if he has a wife of his own here in Montreal!"

"Not he," carelessly said Gervis. "He's a woman-hater, I should imagine. His bride is science, to which he seems to have given himself up body and soul. You should see his diggings, Gladdy! Never saw such a collection of weird and extraordinary inventions in my life. He took me there last evening, and you don't see me going again to such a creepy place. Why, he has got his coffin all spick and span and ready for occupation, in one corner, and in the hall, instead of a hatstand, he has actually got a skeleton, braced up with iron, on the arms of which the crazy old chap hangs his hat. There, my dear, I ought not to have told you that!"

Gladdy had gone quite white.

"Look here, I am going to take you to the ice carnival tonight, and tomorrow we start for old England. And—did I tell you, Gladdy? Andsell has suddenly made up his mind to go with us. There's something—some elixir—to be got only in London from some old wizard of an east end chemist, and Andsell must have it to complete some marvelous scientific invention he means to patent. So I've asked him down to Temple-Dene to spend Christmas. We owe him some little attention for all he did for us that awful night of the fire."

That evening, however, Gervis Templeton went to the ice carnival alone. Gladdy, when quite ready to start out with him, was seized with an unaccountable chill and trembling.

"You've taken cold," said Gervis practically, "that's what it is. Now, you just stay quietly at home and cosset yourself up, or we shall have to remain behind tomorrow."

Gladdy, thankful enough of the rest and quiet, lay back in a low chair in the private sitting room the Templetons had secured. Her eyes were hidden under their soft, white lids; but Gladdy was not asleep. Strange visions and stranger thoughts were whirling through her brain; and her small hands lay limply in her lap, their waxen whiteness intensified by the violet satin of her evening gown.

It was not of her own simple past, nor yet of the wonderful happiness that had come to her so lately that Gladdy was dreaming. Instead, dark, fantastic shapes and visions came and went, succeeded by grim forebodings.

Never a strong girl, Gladdy, since the night of the fire in the snow shed, had drooped strangely. It was as if the springs of life within her were broken. The shock might or might not have done the mischief; but it was there nevertheless. As she lay back with closed eyes and whitened cheeks there was a distinct change on the round young face.

So thought somebody who had come, stepping softly over the thick, rich carpet, close to the little figure reclining in the low chair—so softly that Gladdy did not open her blue eyes. Indeed, the white lids closed down tightly over them, perhaps because a hand with long, thin fingers was waving slowly to and fro in front of them.

In a few seconds Gladdy was in a deep, motionless sleep, and standing looking down upon her out of his dark, unfathomable eyes, was Paul Andsell, who, on hearing from the black waiter that Mr. Templeton had gone out to the ice carnival, stepped upstairs to pay his respects to Mrs. Templeton.

Bending close down until his lips neared her pink ear, Paul, in a monotonous voice, recited a sort of statement. He spoke in carefully measured tones, as if anxious that not the merest syllable should be slurred over.

The room was still and quiet, and Gladdy slept on tranquilly, while Paul looked round him for something he wanted.

Reaching over, he drew towards him a Japanese screen, and fixed it partly between the sleeping girl and a little table, on which were writing materials. Then he spread out a blank sheet of white paper, and then lifted first a pen, then a pencil from the writing table.

"No," he muttered, "I've something better still!" And from his waistcoat pocket he drew a stylographic pen, which he gently placed between the thumb and finger of the little limp hand of the girl.

"Gladdy," he whispered distinctly—"awake, Gladdy!"

The girl stirred uneasily.

"Write down word for word what you heard me say a few mintues ago."

This time Paul's voice had in it a note of command, almost of menace; and instantly Gladdy sat up straight, with the pen held firmly in her fingers. Her eyes were wide open and sleep had flown.

Edging the screen a little forward, Paul got it adjusted so that Gladdy did not see the sheet of blank paper, then he gently guided her hand around the edge of the screen and placed it upon the paper.

"Write!" he said, harshly, and Gladdy obeyed. But from her position she could not see what she was writing.

Presently, as Paul's dark eyes intently watched the motionless pen in the slim, small fingers, it moved. Gladdy was writing something carefully, and in a slow, painstaking manner, much as a child under the eye of a master would do.

And while she wrote Paul watched her breathlessly. On, on the pen traveled over the sheet.

Glady's handwriting was small and upright and unlovely, the handwriting of the up-to-date girl of today. Paul's breath grew labored as he watched the pen moving. He could have dashed off the sentence in half the time; but then between Gladdy and himself there was at least a quarter of a century in age. At last the end of the page was reached, and the stylographic pen dropped from the limp, white fingers.

"Sign it! Sign your full name!"

The command came in breathless syllables, as though the speaker was greatly excited.

The pen was instantly lifted.

There was just room for the brief signature—Gladys Templeton. Then, with a low sigh of exhaustion, the girl slipped backward into her chair, and Paul Andsell, after carefully blotting the sheet of paper, folded it and placed it in his pocketbook.

"I must get the names of a couple of witnesses, and the thing's done! But that's an easy matter in Montreal."

As silently as he came Paul Andsell departed. Down the wide staircase he sped, and out into the clear, white stillness of the starry night, his dark eyes blazing with a strange, triumphant light.

"Is it you, Paul? You have come home?"

A sweet, vibrating voice called out gently as his latchkey opened the door of the little suite of rooms or flat which he called home in the gay city of Montreal.

"Yes, I have come, Diana; and I have good news—rare, good news for you."

A large, golden haired woman, with a milk-white skin, came out of one of the rooms opening into the hall, where the skeleton loomed quaint and hideous. She was Paul Andsell's wife.

Gladdy had been right in her surmise; but Mrs. Andsell was not a happy wife, to judge by her dejected, limp appearance.

Years ago when Paul first saw Diana standing in front of the little New England homestead that nestled under the great maple trees, he had thought her the prettiest girl this world held. The poor, shabby, little house was dignified by the morning glories that climbed all over it, purple and pink and white, making a dainty background for the girl's fairness. It was a picture that stirred the man's imagination rather than his heart.

Already vast possibilities were looming for the scientific explorer. Here, in this vision of womanly fairness, he saw a valuable assistant for his enterprise.

But Paul Andsell had made great strides since the days when his masterful will took Diana from her simple home, and from her first love, to make her his wife and his tool. No longer for him did the humble provincial exhibitions of his mesmeric skill and his power over the minds of others suffice. Higher flights were today his aim, and more than one abtruse work on hypnotism bore his name on its title page.

(To be continued.)

LACK REPOSE.

Fault an English Professor Finds with Americans.

Professor Eustace H. Miles, formerly lecturer at Cambridge university, England, and the head authority on athletics in that institution,contributes to the Saturday Evening Post a leading article on the "Fallacies About Training." In the course of it he writes: "A serious evil in the modern training system is the constant tension of the nerves and muscles. At Cambridge I used to watch my athletic pupils and none of them seemed to have acquired the power of repose. They were always on the stretch. When the time came near,for instance, for the university boat race or the football match, the tension reached an extreme and the men seemed quite unable to be at their ease. It is strange that while the trainers perpetually teach them how to exercise, they never teach them to rest. The whole of nature seems to work on the principle of alterations; first work, then rest. We see it in day and night; in breathing out and breathing in. I need not give other instances, many of which can be found in one of Emerson's essays. What I wish to insist on here is that, while we teach men to exert themselves and to strive and to tie themselves up into knots, we seldom or never teach them to relax themselves, to be at rest and to undo their nerves and muscles. It is Americans especially who need to relax, to smooth themselves out, and, for example, to let their arms and hands hang limp and heavy. If the business man were to give up only three minutes each day to standing with his knees bent, and with his arms hanging down quite loose and limp and with a contented smile on his face, and with his mind empty as possible, the difference in his state of feeling during the day would be almost beyond relief."

FIRST "T" RAILS.

Made in Cardiff, Wales, for the Camden & Amboy Railroad.

In recognition of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's gift of £10,000 for a new building for Stevens Institute of Technology, in Hoboken, N. J., it has been decided to present him with a section of an original 36-pound "T" rail from the Camden & Amboy railroad, inclosed in a suitable receptacle. The incident has a local interest, inasmuch as the rails were rolled in the Dowlais works in 1831, and were the first "T" rails designed or made, although the Vignoles rails produced in France several years later have generally been credited with being the earliest. The former was designed by Robert L. Stevens, who was sent to England to have them made, there being in America at that time no mill capable of doing the work. Arrived in England, he called for bids on the job from various iron works, but at first none of them ventured to undertake it, says the Cardiff Evening Mail. After a while he persuaded Mr. (subsequently Sir) John Guest to attempt the task, not, however, before guaranties had been given against damage to the machinery in performing the mighty task of rolling a 36-pound rail. Finally the rails were satisfactorily rolled. They were sent to the United States in a good many different vessels, a few tons at a time, for they were regarded as a perilous sort of freight. Dr. Morton has facsimiles of letters, specifications and bills connected with this matter, which are to be inclosed in the silver box which is to contain the section of rail.

The Eiffel tower, Paris, 1,000 feet high, is the highest tower in the world. The Washington monument at Washington, D. C., ranks next, being 555 feet in hight.

Some Master Minds of the Nineteenth Century.

The century lately closed gave us the age of steam. One of the pathfinders in this direction was James Watt (1736-1819). In 1769 he constructed the first steam engine that would work satisfactorily.

Next to steam it is electricity and Michael Faraday (1791-1867) may well be called the first electrician. That electricity was possessed of a chemical quality had not even been suspected until his experiments in what has since been known as electrolysis.

John Ericsson (1803-1889) was a competitor of Stephenson in the trial of locomotives in 1829, but his work was to be connected more with the development of locomotion by water than on land. The first vessel to which he applied this original device was the Princeton in 1843. His place in history will be always connected also with his conception of the Monitor.

Natural science progressed marvelously in these 100 years and it is to the mind of George Cuvier (1769-1832) that much of it is due. Cuvier established the history of the animal kingdom in the light of comparative anatomy, and laid the foundations of the study of prehistoric animal life by his wonderful restorations of extinct species from single fragments.

Charles Darwin (1809-1882) furnished the key to many problems of zoology which had been considered unsolvable before his time. His work crowned that of Cuvier.

Louis Pasteur (1822-1895) succeeded in solving more than one difficult problem in chemistry, interesting the world of science by his discoveries in the field of bacterial life. He devised a method of filtration of water which has stood the best tests, based as it is upon solid scientific principles. His work best known to the public, however, is his discovery of the virus by which rabies is prevented.

Sir Joseph Lister, born in 1827, in 1863 suggested the valuable method of guarding against danger from the use of chloroform in operations by noting the breathing of the patient.

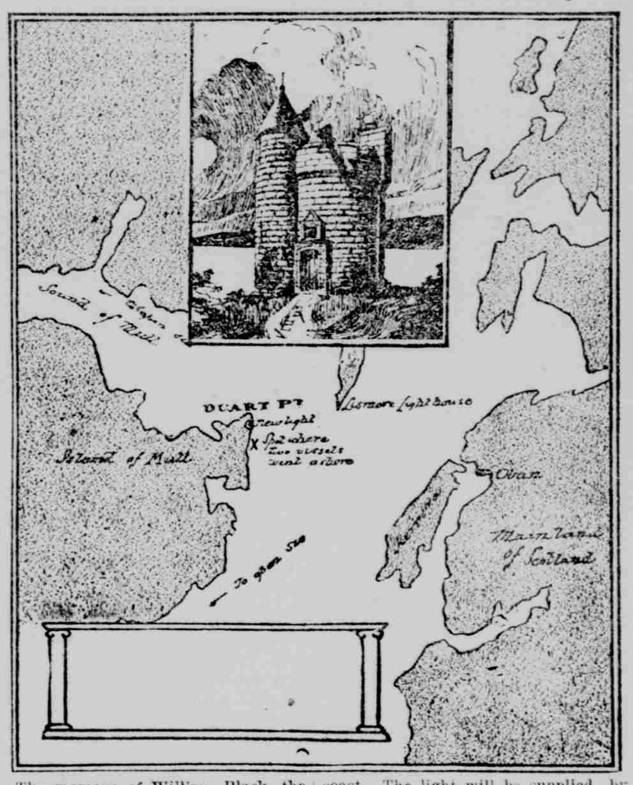
Elias Howe (1819-1867), the inventor of the sewing machine, may seem to have only substituted mechanical slavery for manual, but the possibility of cheap clothing arose with his invention, and if the machine has been abused it is not the fault of this most useful invention.

A discovery which has done much for science as well as art during the century is that of photography, due to Louis Jacques Mande Daguerre (1787-1851).

In geography the century's advance has been extraordinary. The greatest of the leaders in this work was David Livingstone (1813-1873), who began as a medical missionary to Africa and ended by adding wide areas of the Dark Continent to the map of the world.

The nineteenth was a marvelous century of marvelous men.

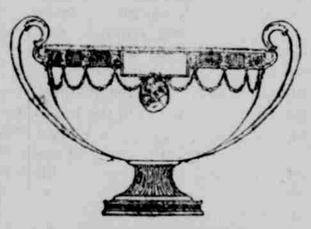
To Honor William Black.



The memory of William Black, the novelist, is to be commemorated by a lighthouse which is being erected at Duart Point, in Mull, a most dangerous part of the dangerous Scottish coast. The light will be supplied by compressed gas contained in a tank, which will be filled periodically by the lighthouse steamer which attends to the west coast islands.

For a Battleship.

The silver service for the new U. S. battleship Illinois, will cost $10,000 and will consist of two punch bowls and ladles, a tray, candelabrum, epicurean dish and two fruit dishes. The pieces will bear the coat of arms of the United States and Illinois. Every piece except the ladle will contain an inscription in raised letters setting forth the fact of the gift.



THE PUNCH BOWL.

The punch bowl, which will be twenty-two inches in diameter, eighteen inches high, will have a capacity of twelve gallons. The tray is twenty-five inches in diameter and its circular edge has the coat of arms with fluting and festoons. The candelabrum has seven lights and stands eighteen inches high. The main standard is the same as the punch bowl, with six fluted arms radiating from the center and shooting upward. The epicurean bowl is a large open oval dish. Its edge is fluted and decorated with festoons.

Toll Roads Proposed.

A recent editorial in the Engineering News objecting to federal aid in building country roads is followed in the current issue of that journal by a letter approving the editorial utterance and advocating the building by towns, under state supervision, of toll roads. The correspondent also announces that an enabling act for this purpose will be introduced into the next legislature of Illinois. Under his plan as proposed he would have the money for such improvements raised from bonds, to the payment of which the tolls collected should be solely devoted. He would, however, limit such collection to a period of not less than ten nor more than fifteen years. The chief objection to this plan is pointed out by the Engineering News—namely, the cost of maintaining toll collections. Other considerations, particularly the memories of private toll roads, make it unlikely that the plan will meet with much favor.

Moses Coit Tyler.

The death of Professor Moses Coit Tyler was announced last week. He was the vice president of the American Economic association and Historical society, and a member of the faculty of Michigan university. He held the chair of rhetoric and English language and literature from 1874 to 1881. Said President Angell, on learning of his death: "I know I voice the sentiment of the entire university when I say that we held Moses Coit Tyler in the highest esteem as a scholar, a teacher and a writer. We regret exceedingly that he has passed away."

Moses Coit Tyler.

Handling $150,000,000.

Stored away in the vaults of New York banks on the last day of the old year was $150,000,000, estimated by bankers as the amount required to meet disbursements during January. On the first day of the business year the actual paying out of this great sum commenced. Bankers had been preparing for it for some time, and the bulk of the money went for the payment of dividends and coupons. Temporarily there was a stringency in the money market. The transfer of $150,000,000 is not such a simple thing even for the big institutions of that great city.